

## In The Back Of The Pick-up

Stella parked the Corvette in front of her house, jumped out of the car and ran to Vuk, leaning against his pick-up, with his hands in his pockets, an impenetrable look on his face. *Wonderwall* by Oasis drifted out of the lowered windows.

“Vuk, who were those guys?” she asked him.

“I only know Drake, not the other two, just that they’re werewolves too.”

“Why do they want *me*?” she yelled.

“I’ve no damn idea. Look, why don’t we grab a beer and stretch out in the back of my truck? I think you should try to relax...” He let his hand slide down her arm and his fingers entwined with hers. He raised them to his lips, covering them with warm sighs and tender kisses. He gently stroked her face, lingering on her lips, arousing her desire. Stella yielded to his touch and for the first time opened her lips spontaneously to kiss him, anticipating his move. Astonished, Vuk’s eyes grew wider and his mouth gasped as he sank deeply into her.

Stella raised her hands to caress his chest, then threw them around his neck. Vuk seized the flesh on her hips and pushed her flat against the back of the pick-up, pressing his body close to hers. He drew back for an instant and Stella’s lips hesitated as if in protest. Vuk lifted her onto the back of the vehicle, making space for himself between her legs, while his lips, warm and soft, rested on her once more.

“Don’t move, I’ll be right back,” he whispered in her ear in between kisses. He ran into the back of the house to grab a couple of beers from the fridge.

Vuk stretched out next to Stella in the back of the truck and handed her a beer.

“What do we drink to, kiddo?” *Save Tonight* by Eagle-Eye Cherry rang out from the car stereo.

“The full moon?” Stella suggested as she fitted her body snugly next to his and rested her head on his shoulder. Vuk leant his head to one side, his lips turning up into his usual sly, crooked smile.

“To the night after next, then.” He clinked his bottle against hers, took a slug of beer and looked at her pensively. “Stella, this time I don’t know if I can manage to keep my distance from you when I transform, but I really need to protect you from Drake.”

“Vuk, I’ll stay with you all night, nothing will happen, I know you won’t hurt me,” Stella assured him as she let herself nestle into his strong, muscular arms as he kissed her forehead.

“You can’t say that for sure, Stella.” He sipped his beer again, tense.

“Yes I can. Your feelings for me are stronger than your hunter’s instinct, I’m sure of that,” she replied confidently, touching his sculpted chest with her fingers.

“The state I’m in on those nights eclipses every shred of human feeling and emotion, Stella, and I can’t fight it.” He stroked her lips with his thumb.

“Well, I could ask Donn to stay with me that night... If I happen to see him again, that is,” she suggested innocently, slowly raising her head from where it lay against his shoulder.

Vuk’s thoughts drifted away and the image of her at Donn’s side on the night of the full moon tormented him. Devoured by jealousy, his mood changed, fear of losing her to the vampire consuming his soul.

“Stella, I don’t need any help from a vampire to protect you!” he retorted, his hand anxiously gripping her leg.

“There are too many of them for you to take on by yourself, Vuk. I won’t let you get hurt.” She felt his hand run up her thigh and almost graze her between the legs before he managed to rein himself in.

“But I’ll go crazy if you spend the night of the full moon with him.”

Stella blushed, recoiling again beneath the harsh reproof of his stare. Vuk put a hand under her chin and raised her face, gazing into her eyes, his jaws tightening, his eyes fiery and full of desire.

“It’s settled, then, Vuk, I’ll stay with you,” murmured Stella. She leaned back against his chest, nibbling on her lip and resting her face on the side of his neck. The stereo began playing *Time Stands Still* by All American Rejects. Vuk lowered his head towards her.

“You’re driving me mad, babe, you know that, don’t you?”

He bent down to kiss her and pressed his tongue into her mouth with such desire in his eyes that her legs began to tremble. He sucked her lower lip and moved his tongue deep inside her mouth. He pushed her back, letting his own body fall on top of hers onto the back of the pick-up. Stella’s eyes twinkled consentingly, and he could not stop himself from kissing her again, taking possession of her mouth and savoring every part of her to the full. He parted her legs and thrust his body close against hers, suddenly ardent with desire. He grunted with clenched teeth and his whole body trembled; he clasped one hand against her breast and squeezed her buttocks with the other. Stella gasped and pulled his knees against her sides. Vuk kissed her lips, her face, her throat, seizing her hair, reveling in her groans of pleasure. He pressed her face between his hands, holding it still, and kissed her with even more conviction than before, pushing his tongue as far as he could to let her taste his excitement. Suddenly, though, they heard sounds in the street and the neighbors’ dogs began to bark. Stella, frightened of encountering Drake, sat up with a

jump. After a few embarrassing moments, fleeting glances and unspoken words exchanged between them, Stella shook her head in confusion and ran a hand through her hair, kissing Vuk on the mouth and twisting her fingers through his unruly locks. “Goodnight,” she gasped, her lips quivering.

“Goodnight, Stella,” murmured Vuk, returning her kiss. He stood up and took her in his arms. He pressed the girl’s hips against his waist and then leapt down from the pick-up, placing her delicately on the ground. He leant against her forehead with his eyes closed, kissed her one last time, then opened his eyes and felt her slip away slowly from his embrace. He watched her enter the house and stop disconcertedly at the entrance.

Vuk leaned his magnificent body against the pick-up and sipped his beer pensively. He saw the light go on in her room, her figure silhouetted against the wispy curtains as she started to undress, first her jeans, then her top, saw her reach for her skimpy pajamas and put them on.

Once he was sure she’d fallen asleep, he slipped through the back door and padded softly through the living room to join her in her room. He bent across her, gently raised her arm and retrieved the remote to turn off the TV. Letting his fingertips glide over her neck, he inhaled the smell of her skin, consumed by an immense yearning to kiss her deeply, hungrily, forever. He tried to resist by covering her with soft, fluttery kisses, first her face, then her long brown hair, groaning inwardly as he found himself surrendering to the sensual promise of her mouth, putting his tantalizingly close to hers and feeling her lips part slightly at the softness of his touch.

Feeling how cold she still was, he lay down next to her, snuggling his entire body against hers to envelop her in his warmth. Alarmed by the arrival of Drake, he’d already decided to keep to watch over her that night... Hours later, as the silvery gray and mauve streaks of

dawn started to chase away the darkness of night, he finally relaxed his guard and let sleep carry him away.

Vuk was jolted out of a dream, and squinted as he felt the fierce sunlight streaming through the window onto his face. In the dream, he'd seen Drake seize Stella and embrace her in his arms; a spike of adrenalin coursed through his body, waking him. He turned over quickly to check she was still there, but found only an empty hollow.

Dazed and confused by the dream, he jumped up, heard noises coming from the kitchen and went to investigate, his footsteps stealthy. In the doorway, Stella bumped into him, spilling two cups of scalding coffee over him. "That's boiling," yelled Vuk, his face dark. He felt the hot coffee spread over his t-shirt. He looked down at his chest and then looked back at Stella with raised eyebrows.

"Oh, shit! Vuk, I'm ever so sorry..." she gasped uneasily, her eyes widened in dismay. She placed the dripping cups on a kitchen counter near the door and came back to Vuk.

"Say, Stella, did you reckon I needed warming up?" he exclaimed, amused. He seized her by the hips and took her in his arms. He saw her cheeks redden with embarrassment, and his lips twisted into a knowing smile. His bold eyes were ablaze with passion and pure desire.

"Oops, Vuk, was that too warm a greeting?" She asked smiling, as she slipped a hand under his t-shirt to caress his taut, flat belly and raise the wet part to his chest.

"Now I would say it is almost cold..." He yanked off his shirt. Stella helped him to slip it over his head, stroking his chest and touching his tousled hair.

"I'd better pour my own coffee from now on..." he continued ironically, rubbing his chest with his hands to wipe away the

remnants of the coffee. The rays of sunlight piercing the kitchen highlighted the contours of his chest. In that light, he could have passed for a model or a rock musician, a rebel. She noted his excitement, a hard mound pressing against his light, torn jeans. As always, they hung seductively off his hips.

“I reckon it’s not just coffee you want, Vuk...” gasped Stella. She bit her lip with a cunning air and threaded her fingers through two of the loops of Vuk’s jeans, lightly touching his sensitive skin and drinking in the way his flesh trembled.

“Well, I don’t think that’s much to get surprised about, the whole world knows I’m crazy about you, babe ... Good morning, by the way.” He brought his nose up to hers and kissed her, looking into her eyes and holding her face in his hands. Stella threw her arms around his neck and he bent down to kiss her with even more conviction, caressing her mouth and sliding his tongue a little way inside.

“I’ll go and get another t-shirt,” he whispered, kissing her again and sucking her lower lip feverishly.

“They’re in the bedroom, in the second drawer...” murmured Stella, but before she could finish speaking, Vuk interrupted her boldly.

“I know,” he said, caressing her ear with his warm, husky voice and throwing her a sensual look that literally made her melt as he turned to climb the stairs.

Stella returned the dirty mugs to the kitchen. Looking out the window as she walked to the sink, she felt an icy shiver run up her spine as she suddenly saw Drake, Ian and Nathan watching her intently, leaning nonchalantly against her Corvette. They were biding their time, waiting for the right moment to attack.

Suddenly, Vuk burst into the kitchen and wrapped his arms around her from behind. Stella gasped, startled, dropping the mug into the sink in fright, where it smashed into jagged pieces.

“Stella, what the hell?” he asked, worried, seeing a shadow of fear in her eyes.

“Nothing, Vuk, I'm fine. I just need to relax for a moment...” She looked back out the window but the figures had vanished.

“Stella, what did you see?”

“I might have seen something, out there...” she pointed, looking at the Corvette with dull eyes.

“It was Drake, wasn't it?”

“Plus the other two werewolves from last night,” she confirmed, her words sending Vuk racing furiously out the back door on the attack. But finding no one in the vicinity, he went back into the house and, pinning Stella against the kitchen wall, his eyes blazing, he said, “Stella, don't come back here alone after class, make sure I'm with you!” He refused to let her go until she agreed. Her gaze was still glued to the window.

“They were there, weren't they?” he asked, tormented. She slowly nodded her head.

“Don't worry, Stella, everything'll work out fine.”

“I adore you when you say things like that.” She let herself melt into his arms, and felt his legs pushing her against the wall and his body pressing excitedly against hers.

Stella tried to free herself from his grip, but Vuk held her still, pulling her even closer to him. She felt the heat of his body through his shirt as his fingers probed over the waistband of her jeans. He lifted her by the buttocks and Stella felt her legs open under the weight of his body. His desire was pressing against her. She groaned and gripped his sides with her legs, throwing her arms around his neck and gripping his hair with her fingers. She moved her body up and down, rubbing against him.

“I want you, I want you desperately.” He sucked her bottom lip, his hands still under her butt. He bit her on the chin, tasting her skin, and then worked his way down her neck, stopping just above her breasts, one of his hands moving from her butt to her inner thigh. He felt her fingers fastening on his upper arm, her nipples swollen and her body tense with ecstasy.

Vuk’s eyes were shining, cunning and brazen. He was unable to tear his gaze from her mouth. His look was so intense that she felt herself losing control. A groan escaped her lips, and then he put his tongue in her mouth, pushing it all the way in and moving it around hers avidly. He moved slowly and sensually inside her. Stella felt him press his body closer to hers. Her thighs clenched against his body, her nails dug into his shoulders.

Suddenly her mobile started to ring on the kitchen table. Stella glanced at the display. It was her mother. She was filming in Alaska. The signal from there came and went.

*To be continued...*